

THE HAND OF

FATE

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WHAT STRANGE SPELL HAVE YOU PUT
ON ME, YOU EVIL WITCH ? SOMETHING
IS STRANGLING ME... SQUEEZING
THE LIFE FROM ME... BUT I
CAN'T SEE ANYTHING !

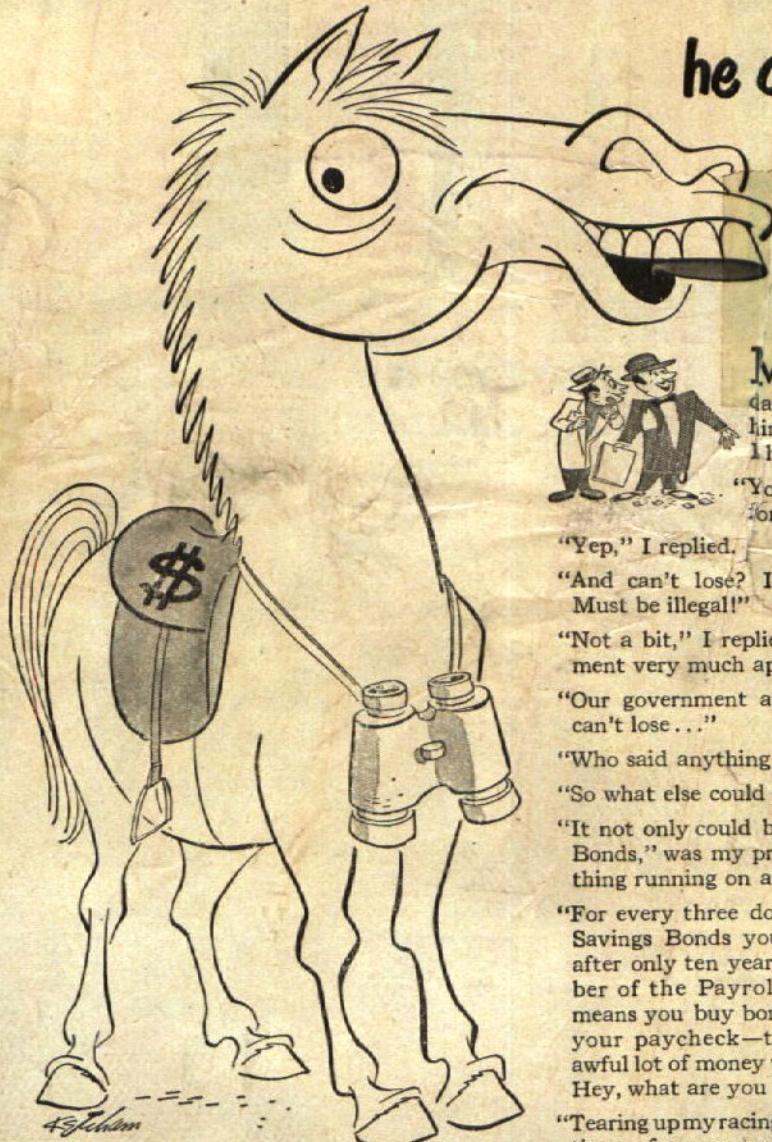


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"There's no such animal,"

he cried!



MY FRIEND and I were picking the ponies one day when I started telling him about a *sure thing* I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? It *automatically* wins? Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves..."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose..."

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse...?"

"It not only could be—but is—U. S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today."

"For every three dollars you invest in U. S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds *automatically* from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money when you're not looking. Hey, what are you doing?"

"Tearing up my racing form! The horse I'm betting on from now on is U. S. Savings Bonds."

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds



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The SPIRITS Sing Tonight

OUT OF THE DARKNESS SURROUNDING LIFE, POWERS LURKING AT OUR SIDE MAY SUDDENLY REVEAL THEMSELVES, AND WE ARE HELPLESS IN THEIR HANDS, EXPOSED TO ALL THE UNKNOWN POSSIBILITIES OF A SINISTER UNSEEN WORLD. JEAN RANDALL, A YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL WHO CAME TO PARIS TO CONTINUE HER STUDIES TO BE A SINGER, HAD BEGIN TO FEEL THESE STRANGE INFLUENCES IN HER GLUMY LITTLE ATTIC STUDIO ROOM IN MONTMARTRE, BUT NOT UNTIL THE DAY OF HER HUMILIATING FAILURE, WHEN SHE TRIED OUT FOR THE CHORUS OF AN OPERA COMPANY, DID THE EVIL FORCE REALLY BEGIN TO OPERATE IN HER AFFAIRS.

WHY MUST MY TIME BE WASTED LIKE THIS? MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE RANDALL-- GO BACK TO AMERICA! FORGET ABOUT SINGING! YOU HAVE NO VOICE! YOU WASTE YOUR OWN TIME-- AND MINE!



I BELIEVE WE LIVE IN THE SAME BUILDING IN THE RUE DE FAUBOURG, MADEMOISELLE! I HAVE LIVED THERE MANY YEARS, AND I HAVE HELPED MANY YOUNG SINGERS WHO HAVE BEEN REGARDED BY OTHERS AS FAILURES!

I AM A FAILURE! MY MONEY IS GONE, AND SO ARE MY DREAMS OF BEING A REAL SINGER!

MY NAME IS COUNT ROMPRE! I ASSURE YOU, MY CHILD, IF YOU PUT YOURSELF IN MY HANDS, I WILL MAKE YOU A GREAT SINGER!



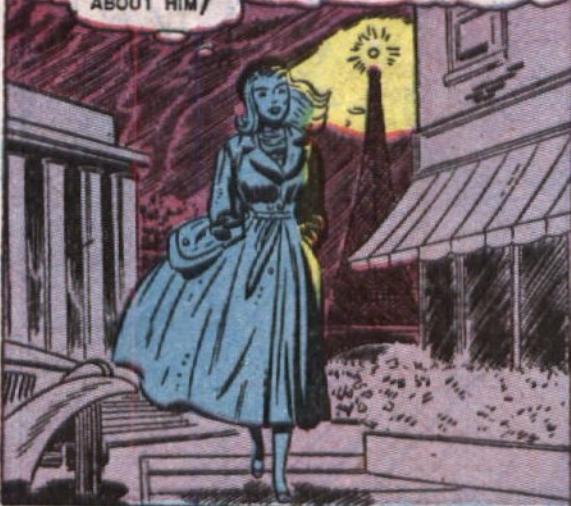
AM HAVING SOME OF MY PUPILS
AT MY STUDIO TONIGHT FOR A
LITTLE GATHERING! WHY DO YOU
NOT JOIN US, AND BE WELCOMED
INTO OUR RANKS?

THANK YOU,
COUNT ROMPRE! I
DON'T KNOW WHY YOU
SHOULD BOTHER, WHEN
MONSIEUR LAURENT
SEEMED TO THINK I
WAS SO HOPELESS!

IT IS THE HOPELESS ONES I
FIND IT EASIEST TO TAKE UNDER
MY WING, MADEMOISELLE! SO I
SHALL EXPECT YOU TONIGHT!
MY STUDIO IS DIRECTLY UNDER
YOUR OWN!

AU REVOIR, THEN, FOR THE PRESENT/
I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT ELSE-
WHERE, BUT I SHALL SEE YOU
TONIGHT-- AT MIDNIGHT!

I'M LUCKY--THE COUNT HAS TAKEN AN INTEREST
IN ME, AND YET-- THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGE
ABOUT HIM!



I'VE FELT IT EACH TIME I'VE PASSED HIM
ON THE STAIRS! I GET A SORT OF COLD CHILL/
AND WHEN I PASS THE CLOSED DOOR OF HIS
STUDIO, I HEAR BEAUTIFUL VOICES SINGING FROM
THERE, BUT THEY MAKE ME FEEL FUNNY!



NO, JEAN-- YOUR FEELING ABOUT
THE COUNT WAS NOT YOUR IMAGI-
NATION! YOU SHOULD SEE HIM NOW
AS HE KEEPS HIS "APPOINTMENT"!
PERHAPS YOU OUGHT TO PACK UP,
JEAN, AND RETURN TO AMERICA,
AND SAFETY, WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME!



I MUST ASSEMBLE
THE GUESTS FOR MY
PARTY!

COME FORTH, GEORGES
DES MOREAU! TONIGHT
YOU SING AGAIN!

YES,
MASTER!



FROM TOMB TO TOMB, AND GRAVE TO GRAVE,
THE COUNT SUMMONED HIS GRUESOME
GUESTS!

COME FORTH, CELESTE
D'AVRIL / TONIGHT YOU SHALL
AGAIN SING THE SONGS YOU
LOVED SO WELL!

YES, MASTER!

MEANWHILE, JEAN RETURNED TO HER
LODGINGS IN MONTMARTRE, AND FOUND AN
OLD FRIEND FROM HOME AWAITING HER...

BOB MARTIN! WHERE
DID YOU COME FROM?

I CAME FROM THE GOOD OLD
U.S.A., OF COURSE--JUST TO
SEE YOU / LOOK, HONEY--GIVE
UP THIS IDEA OF A SINGING
CAREER, AND COME BACK HOME
AND MARRY

ME!

NO! IF I GIVE
UP NOW, I'D ALWAYS
FEEL THAT I'D PAS-
SED UP SOMETHING
THAT MIGHT HAVE
BEEN MY BIG
OPPORTUNITY!

YOU CERTAINLY
COULDN'T ENJOY
LIVING IN THIS
MOULDY, CREEPY
JOINT!

IT'S ARTISTIC!
A LOT OF
FAMOUS
SINGERS AND
COMPOSERS
USED TO LIVE
HERE!

AND A REAL COUNT LIVES RIGHT
HERE IN THE STUDIO ROOM UNDER
MINE! HE'S A MUSICAL IMPRESARIO,
AND HE'S OFFERED TO TAKE OVER MY
CAREER! HE'S GIVING A PARTY
TONIGHT TO INTRODUCE ME TO
SOME FAMOUS SINGERS!



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT
THIS PLACE THAT MAKES MY
FLESH CRAWL, BUT IF THIS
IS WHAT YOU WANT, YOU'RE
WELCOME TO IT!

BOB, I WISH
YOU'D GO TO THE
PARTY--WITH ME
TONIGHT! IF YOU
MEET SOME REAL
SINGERS, MAYBE
YOU'LL UNDER-
STAND BETTER
WHAT I HOPE TO
BE!



OKAY; I'LL STAY FOR THE PARTY! I'D LIKE TO
GIVE THIS COUNT THE ONCE-OVER! HE SOUNDS LIKE
A PHONY TO ME, AND YOU MAY BE GETTING INTO
SOMETHING YOU CAN'T HANDLE!



JEAN DID NOT ADMIT TO BOB HER OWN FOREBODING ABOUT COUNT ROMPRE, BECAUSE SHE WAS NOW STUBBORNLY DETERMINED TO ACCEPT THE COUNT'S OFFER, BUT SHE WAS GLAD THAT BOB WAS THERE TO GO TO THE COUNT'S PARTY WITH HER. WHEN THEY RAPPED ON THE COUNT'S DOOR AT MIDNIGHT...



YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF FAKES DRESSED UP HERE--BECAUSE GEORGES DES MOREAU AND CELESTE D'AVRIL HAVE BEEN DEAD AT LEAST A HUNDRED YEARS!



IMBECILE! YOU DARE CALL US DEAD? COUNT ROMPRE HAS MADE US IMMORTAL! FOR THAT INSULT YOU SHALL PAY!



IMMORTAL! IMMORTAL!

LET ME INTRODUCE MY FRIENDS--AND PUPILS!/EVERYONE HERE DESIRED A SINGING CAREER, AND FOUND IT THROUGH ME! GEORGES DES MOREAU, CELESTE D'AVRIL, ROLAND GREGORY, MADAME VIERDOT...

JUST A MINUTE...



IT - IT'S LIKE HITTING SOFT CLAY! WHAT! HE'S TURNING INTO A CORPSE!

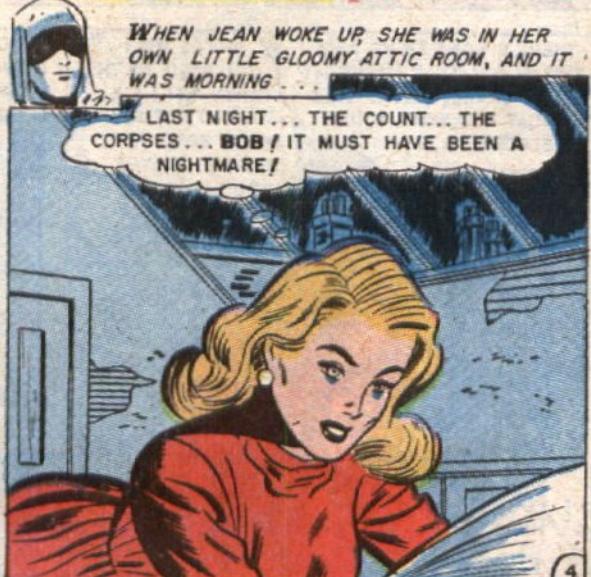


WHEN SHE DARED LOOK, THE SIGHT WAS MORE THAN JEAN COULD STAND, AND SHE FAINTED AWAY...



WHEN JEAN WOKE UP, SHE WAS IN HER OWN LITTLE GLOOMY ATTIC ROOM, AND IT WAS MORNING...

LAST NIGHT... THE COUNT... THE CORPSES... BOB! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A NIGHTMARE!



SUCH THINGS DON'T HAPPEN,
BUT IT SEEMED SO REAL!



JEAN FORCED HERSELF TO
RAP ON THE COUNT'S DOOR.
WHEN THERE WAS NO
ANSWER, SHE DARED TRY
THE DOOR. IT OPENED...

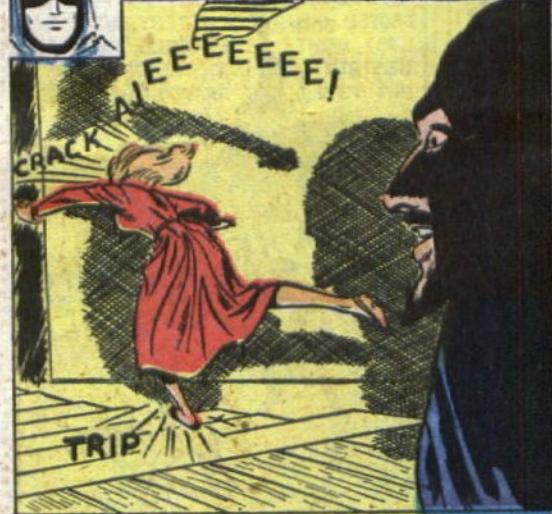


WERE YOU
LOOKING FOR
ME, MY DEAR?



EYAH HHH!
I-I DON'T
UNDERSTAND THIS/
I MUST GET
AWAY!

JEAN RUSHED FOR THE STAIRS. SHE
TRIPPED, AND BUMPED HER HEAD...



THROUGH THE DARKNESS, SHE SEEMED TO
SEE THE COUNT'S SINISTER MOCKING FACE
AND THE STRANGE HEADS OF DEATH SHE
HAD SEEN BEFORE...



THEN SUDDENLY
THE DARKNESS
WENT AWAY...

MADAME! HOW
UNFORTUNATE! YOU
MUST HAVE STUMBLED AS
YOU CAME IN THE DOOR!

I HOPE YOU DID
NOT HURT YOURSELF!
YOU RAPPED ON THE
DOOR-- I OPENED IT--
AND SUDDENLY YOU
FELL!



NO! NO! I-I CAME
HERE LAST NIGHT, WITH
BOB! DREADFUL THINGS
HAPPENED! TODAY-- I
CAME-- THERE WAS
NOTHING HERE!

MY DEAR, I
INVITED YOU TO
A PARTY AT MID-
NIGHT! IT IS MID-
NIGHT, AND YOU
CAME! YOU WERE
NEVER HERE
BEFORE!



BUT I REMEMBER--I CAME HOME--IT WAS LAST NIGHT--BOB WAS HERE--OH, I'M CONFUSED!

PERHAPS SOME MUSIC WILL SOOTHE YOU, COME--LET US SING!

THE VOICES--THEY ARE THE ONES I USED TO HEAR FROM HERE--BEAUTIFUL, BUT SOMEHOW TERRIFYING--HOLLOW--AS THOUGH THEY CAME FROM THE GRAVE!

YOU HAVE HEARD SINGING SUCH AS FEW EVER HEAR! NOW YOU WILL SING, AS YOU HAVE NEVER SUNG BEFORE! YOU WILL LIFT YOUR VOICE WITH THE OTHERS AND SING AS I COMMAND!

YES, YES--I WILL LIFT MY VOICE WITH THE OTHERS AND SING AS YOU COMMAND!

OH, NO--YOU WON'T SING, JEAN! NOT WITH THIS UNHOLY GRAVE-YARD CREW! THEY SING ONLY AT HIS BIDDING, BECAUSE THEY SOLD THEIR SOULS TO HIM! THEY MUST RETURN FROM THE DEAD AND SING WHEN HE COMMANDS IT!

I THOUGHT YOU HAD DESTROYED HIM LAST NIGHT, DESTROY HIM NOW!

YOUR CREATURES DRAGGED ME TO THE CEMETERY, BUT BEFORE THEY COULD PULL ME INTO ONE OF THEIR GRAVES, DAWN CAME, AND THEY HAD TO LEAVE ME!

MASTER! SAVE US! WE ARE DOOMED!

THE COUNT CAN'T SAVE YOU OR HIMSELF NOW! YOU'RE DOOMED--AS YOU WERE DOOMED WHEN YOU GOT INTO HIS CLUTCHES WHEN YOU WERE ALIVE! NOW--EXPLAIN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

...WHEN THE COUNT CALLS US FROM THE GRAVE
TO SING AGAIN, IT IS ALL WE HAVE! WE HAVE
TRYED TO TELL OURSELVES HE HAS MADE US
IMMORTAL, BUT WE KNOW WE ARE NOTHING
BUT THE EVIL CREATURES HE USES TO SNARE
OTHER AMBITIOUS FOOLS!



IF THE GIRL HAD SUNG WITH US, SHE WOULD
HAVE MADE HERSELF ONE OF US-- THOSE WHO
BELONG TO COUNT ROMPRE, AND WHO
SING-- IN DEATH!



AS THE FLAMES TURNED THE ROOM INTO
A RAGING INFERNO, BOB FOUGHT HIS WAY
TO THE DOOR. THE WHOLE WOODEN STRUC-
TURE WAS NOW AFLAME, AND BEHIND THEM
THEY SEEMED TO HEAR A FINAL WEIRD
DEATH-SONG OF AGONY...



REACHING THE SAFETY OF THE STREET, BOB
AND JEAN WATCHED THE PLACE BURN...

MANY STRUGGLING YOUNG SINGERS HAVE
LIVED IN THAT HOUSE! SOME OF THEM
STARVED TO DEATH-- SOME ACHIEVED
FAME! AND ONCE A STRANGE COUNT
HAD A STUDIO THERE!



IT WAS ALMOST A HUNDRED YEARS AGO! HIS NAME
WAS COUNT ROMPRE, AND GOSSIP SAID HE WAS ONE
OF THE DEVIL'S BAND, WITH STRANGE, EVIL
POWERS THAT PREYED UPON AMBITIOUS SINGERS/
THE PEOPLE HERE DROVE HIM AWAY! HIS STUDIO
HAS BEEN EMPTY ALL THESE YEARS! THEY SAY
HE STILL VISITED THE HOUSE AND USED THE
STUDIO, BUT I SUPPOSE THAT'S JUST
SUPERSTITIOUS GOSSIP!



OH, BOB-- IF YOU
HADN'T COME TO SAVE
ME, I WOULD HAVE
BEEN ONE OF THOSE
WHOSE SOULS BELONGED
TO COUNT ROMPRE!

WE'LL GO TO
AMERICA, MY DARLING,
AND LEAVE THIS NIGHT-
MARE BEHIND US-- AND
TRY TO FORGET!



THE END

A Hand of FATE Mystery

#14

ONE OF THE WEIRDEST EVENTS EVER TO OCCUR IN EUROPE IS RECORDED IN THE FILES OF THE PARIS POLICE. IN OCTOBER, 1927, A MURDERING MADMAN ROAMED THE STREETS OF PARIS, PREYING ON INNOCENT PEOPLE. THE POLICE WERE ON A CONSTANT MAN-HUNT FOR THE KILLER, BUT HE ALWAYS MANAGED TO ELUDE THEM. BUT ONE NIGHT, TWO GENDARMES HAPPENED UPON THE MURDERER IN THE ACT OF COMMITTING A CRIME...



INSIDE THE MUSEUM, THE POLICE OFFICERS WITNESSED AN AWESOME SIGHT...



WITH A MIGHTY SWEEP, THE STATUE BROUGHT ITS BLADE DOWN ON THE NECK OF THE KILLER CROUCHED BEFORE IT!



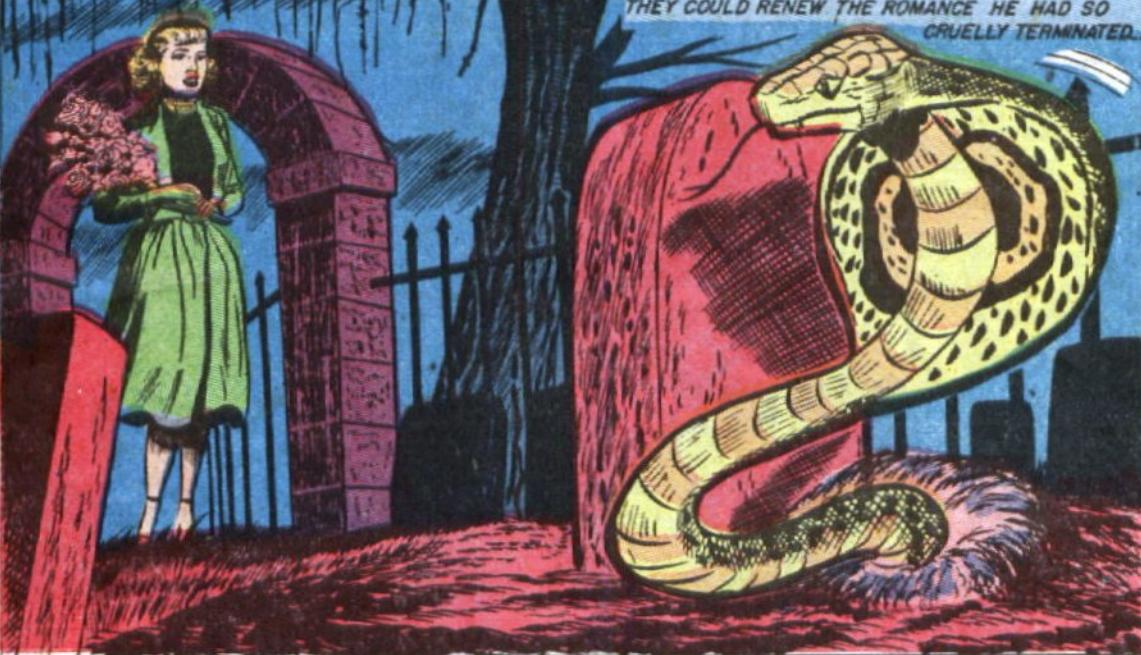
WHEN THE PEOPLE OF PARIS LEARNED OF THIS STRANGE COINCIDENCE, THEY WERE AMAZED! MANY BELIEVED THAT THE HAND OF FATE HAD SPANNED THE LONG YEARS TO BRING JUSTICE TO A KILLER AT THE HANDS OF A WAX EXECUTIONER, WHO, THIRTY YEARS BEFORE, HAD CARRIED OUT THE DEATH PENALTY ON HIS FATHER. THE CASE WAS CLOSED AND FILED IN THE BAFFLING CRIMES RECORDS OF THE PARIS POLICE!

THE END

Meet me at the CEMETERY

I KNOW YATES THINKS I'M FOOLISH TO BRING FLOWERS TO THE GRAVE OF HIS DEAD WIFE -- BUT EVEN THOUGH SHE IS THE GIRL WHO TOOK HIM FROM ME, I HAVE HIM BACK, AND SHE CANNOT HURT ME NOW!

KATE SEFTON AND YATES ZACHARY WERE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED BEFORE HE WENT TO INDIA ON A BRIEF BUSINESS TRIP. KATE'S HEART WAS ALMOST BROKEN WHEN YATES WROTE HER THAT HE HAD MET ANOTHER GIRL AND MARRIED HER. BUT HIS ROMANCE WAS SHORT-LIVED. WHEN YATES RETURNED TO AMERICA, HE BROUGHT HIS BRIDE'S BODY WITH HIM, TO BE BURIED IN THIS COUNTRY. SHE HAD DIED OF A FEVER WHILE THEY WERE ON THEIR HONEYMOON. BECAUSE KATE STILL LOVED YATES, SHE FORGAVE HIM WHEN HE ASKED HER IF THEY COULD RENEW THE ROMANCE HE HAD SO CRUELLY TERMINATED.



BUT I FEEL SORRY FOR HER-- BURIED OVER HERE AMONG STRANGERS, IN A STRANGE LAND! I WONDER WHAT SHE WAS LIKE? YATES HAS NO PICTURES OF HER, AND HE NEVER WANTS TO TALK ABOUT HER!



AS KATE APPROACHED THE GRAVE OF HER FIANCÉ'S DEAD WIFE, SHE WAS FROZEN BY A TERRIFYING AND DREADFUL SIGHT...



OHH/ IT WAS THE MOST LOATHSOME THING I EVER SAW-- AND IT WAS CRAWLING OUT OF THE GRAVE!



KATE DROVE INTO TOWN AND WENT RIGHT TO YATES' OFFICE . . .

YATES-- QUICK -- YOU MUST COME BACK WITH ME TO THE CEMETERY / A COBRA-- CRAWLING OUT OF YOUR WIFE RAE'S GRAVE/ IT ATTACKED ONE OF THE CEMETERY WORKERS!



WE'VE GOT
TO DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT
THE
COBRA!

FORGIVE ME FOR
BEING UPSET, DAR-
LING/ BUT VISITING
RAE'S GRAVE HAS
MADE YOU HYSTERICAL.
YOU KNOW YOU JUST
IMAGINED SEEING
A COBRA!

IT WASN'T MY IMAGINATION! IT'S
THERE, I TELL YOU! AND THAT POOR
MAN IS PROBABLY BEYOND HELP NOW!
I'LL GET A RESCUE PARTY TO GO BACK
WITH ME, IF YOU
WON'T DO
ANYTHING!

I'LL GO WITH YOU,
KATE--BUT WE MUST
NOT ALARM THE TOWN!
I'LL GO WITH YOU
AND TAKE MY GUN!

IT WAS HARD FOR KATE TO
UNDERSTAND YATES' STRANGE
ATTITUDE AND HIS WANTING TO
KEEP HER STORY ABOUT THE
COBRA FROM THE TOWN. WHILE
HE AND KATE STARTED BACK
TO THE CEMETERY, THE EVIL
MONSTER LAZILY UNWOUND ITS
COILS FROM ITS VICTIM...



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, A BEAUTIFUL GIRL STOOD AT
THE CEMETERY GATES, WAITING TO GET A RIDE INTO TOWN. IT
WAS FATED THAT THIS PARTICULAR YOUNG MAN SHOULD
BE PASSING BY AT THAT MOMENT...

WANT A LIFT?

WHY--YES,
THANK YOU!



YOU'RE A STRANGER IN
TOWN, AREN'T YOU? WHAT
ARE YOU DOING OUT
HERE AT THE
CEMETERY?

SOMEONE WHO
WAS VERY CLOSE
TO ME IS BURIED
THERE!

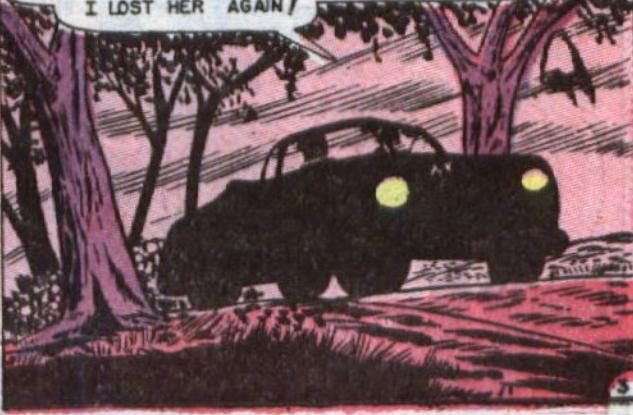


MY NAME IS GEORGE
BRIGHAM! ARE YOU
STAYING WITH SOMEONE
HERE IN TOWN? I HOPE
YOU'LL LET ME SEE
YOU AGAIN!

THAT WOULD BE
VERY NICE/I SHALL
BE STAYING WITH A
YOUNG LADY NAMED
KATE SEFTON. DO
YOU KNOW HER?



KATE SEFTON? SHE'S GOING TO MARRY MY BEST FRIEND
IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS/ YATES ZACHARY AND I WERE BOTH
CRAZY ABOUT KATE, BUT YATES ALWAYS HAD THE INSIDE
TRACK, UNTIL HE WENT TO INDIA AND MARRIED SOME
OTHER GIRL/ THEN IT LOOKED LIKE I MIGHT HAVE A
CHANCE! BUT YATES CAME BACK A WIDOWER, AND
I LOST HER AGAIN!



WHEN KATE AND YATES GOT BACK TO THE CEMETERY...

OH, HOW DREADFUL! I KNEW WE WOULD BE TOO LATE! YATES--IT'S ONLY FAIR TO LET PEOPLE KNOW THAT SOMETHING DANGEROUS AND HORRIBLE IS LOOSE IN THEIR MIDST!



KATE--GO ON HOME AND LET ME LOOK FOR THIS THING! AND DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO ANYONE ABOUT IT! I UNDERSTAND COBRAS! I LEARNED A LOT ABOUT THEM

IN INDIA / IN INDIA / OH, YATES--DO YOU SUPPOSE IT SOMEHOW GOT INTO YOUR WIFE'S COFFIN AND JUST NOW GOT LOOSE?



KATE HAD NEVER SEEN YATES LIKE THIS! IT WAS AS THOUGH HE HAD SUDDENLY GONE INSANE WITH RAGE AND FEAR!

GO HOME, YOU SILLY LITTLE FOOL! AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED!

OH!



TERRIFIED AND UPSET, KATE WENT HOME, WHERE SHE FOUND A VISITOR AWAITING HER...

WHY--WHO ARE YOU?

I'M A FRIEND OF YATES ZACHARY! I KNEW HIS WIFE VERY WELL!



HOW STRANGE THAT YOU SHOULD COME TODAY! TELL ME ABOUT YATES' WIFE! WHAT WAS SHE LIKE?



SHE WAS LIKE--THIS, ZHJ / ZHJ!



WHY, KATE--WHERE ARE YOU RUSHING TO? I BROUGHT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL TO YOUR HOUSE AWHILE AGO, AND SHE PROMISED ME A DATE TONIGHT, BUT SHE DIDN'T GIVE ME HER NAME!

OH, GEORGE! I... SHE...



KATE POURED OUT HER INCREDIBLE STORY... YOU MUSTN'T GO IN THERE, GEORGE! THE VENOM SHE SPITS CAN BLIND OR PARALYZE YOU! AND IF YOU GET WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE, SHE'LL KILL YOU! I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT, BUT I'M SURE IT'S YATES' WIFE!

IT'S THE CRAZIEST THING I EVER HEARD!

I'M GOING TO SEE FOR MYSELF! I'LL TAKE THIS STICK, JUST IN CASE!

GEORGE--PLEASE COME BACK!

YOU'RE A LITTLE EARLY FOR OUR DATE, MY FRIEND!



SOON . . .

SO YOU CAME BACK, KATE--
AND BROUGHT GEORGE WITH YOU!
INTERFERING FOOLS! GET OUT,
BEFORE I SHOOT YOU!

DON'T BE AN IDIOT!
TELL US THE TRUTH
ABOUT THIS GHASTLY
THING, SO WE
CAN HELP
YOU!

THE TRUTH IS--I MARRIED
A GIRL WITH THE SOUL OF
A COBRA! NOT UNTIL WE
WERE MARRIED DID I
REALIZE THAT SHE WAS A
SHE-DEVIL WHO COULD CHANGE
AT WILL INTO A POISONOUS
SNAKE! SHE KILLED PEOPLE
BEFORE MY EYES, AND I KNEW
I WOULD BE NEXT!

"AND SO, ONE NIGHT, WHEN SHE
SLEPT IN HUMAN FORM, I STRAN-
GLED HER AND NAILED HER INTO
A COFFIN! I DARED NOT LEAVE
THE COFFIN BEHIND, SO I BROUGHT
IT HERE WITH ME, NEVER DREAM-
ING THAT HER EVIL POWER STILL
REMAINED! AND NOW, SOMEHOW,
SHE HAS FREED HERSELF!"



NOW, YOU TWO KNOW MY HORRIBLE SECRET!
IT WILL DIE WITH YOU!

YATES /
NO /

SORRY, OLD MAN--BUT YOU
AREN'T KILLING ANYONE!

OH!



YATES--WHY NOT
LET US HELP YOU
FIGHT THIS THING?

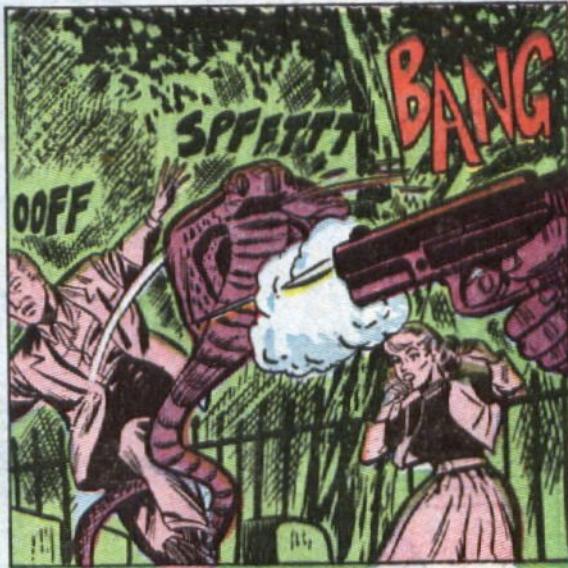
IT--IT'S TOO HOR-
RIBLE! I NEVER
WANTED ANYONE
TO KNOW!

EHHH!

AHHH /
HELP /

MY GUN / WHERE IS
MY GUN?





THE EMPTY COFFIN OF YATES' WIFE ONCE MORE HAD AN OCCUPANT, THE LIFELESS BODY OF THE COBRA! THIS TIME IT WOULD RISE NO MORE TO SPREAD EVIL DESTRUCTION. NOR WOULD IT BE LONELY, BECAUSE NOW THE BODY OF THE MAN WHO HAD MARRIED THE COBRA GIRL RESTED BESIDE HER, HIS UNHAPPY ADVENTURE WITH THE MYSTERIOUS FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN OVER AT LAST!



No Escape from NIGHTMARE

AT LAST / AFTER YEARS OF STUDY AND PRACTICE, I HAVE LEARNED TO SEPARATE MY MIND AND BODY-- AND THIS ASTRAL BODY CAN GO WHEREVER I SEND IT!



DEATH, TOIL AND IGNORANCE OF THE FUTURE ARE THE FATE OF MAN UPON THIS SPHERE, BUT THROUGH THE AGES HE HAS SOUGHT TO CHEAT DEATH, TO FIND WEALTH AND EASE WITHOUT WORKING FOR IT, AND TO TEAR AWAY THE VEIL THAT SHROUDS THE SECRETS OF THE UNKNOWN WORLD BEYOND. THOSE WHO TAMPER WITH FATE, AND SEEK TO OBTAIN KNOWLEDGE AND POWER THROUGH SUPERNATURAL SOURCES, UNLEASH STRANGE FORCES. THUS WE SEE PROFESSOR RAMON BLAGDON, A TEACHER OF PSYCHOLOGY IN AN OBSCURE COLLEGE, AS HE EMBARKED UPON A FORMIDABLE ADVENTURE . . .

AHA! ALREADY THE POWER I HAVE BUILT UP WITHIN MY MIND IS PIERCING THE MYSTERY OF THINGS HIDDEN FROM ORDINARY MORTALS! WHO ARE YOU THAT SPEAKS TO ME? FROM WHAT WORLD DO YOU COME?



I AM FATE! I BRIDGE THE GAP BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT, HOLDING IN MY GRASP THE SKEINS OF EACH MAN'S DESTINY! WHEN THE THREADS BECOME TANGLED AND KNOTTED, IT MEANS THE MAN IS FIGHTING THAT WHICH HAS BEEN ORDAINED AND CANNOT BE CHANGED!



BEFORE THE THREADS
BREAK, I ATTEMPT TO
WARN MEN THAT FATE
METES OUT PUNISHMENT
TO THOSE THAT FIGHT
ME! I AM WARNING
YOU!

THE FACT
THAT I CAN
STAND FACE TO
FACE WITH YOU,
SHOWS THAT I
AM NO ORDINARY
MAN!

I SHALL LEARN TO
CONTROL NATURAL
AND SUPERNATURAL
FORCES! IT CAN BE
DONE! I, TOO, SHALL
BRIDGE THE GAP BE-
TWEEN THIS WORLD
AND THE NEXT! I WILL
LEARN WHAT DESTINY
HAS ORDAINED FOR
ME-- AND CHANGE IT
--TO SUIT MYSELF!

AS A TEACHER,
YOU COULD BE
A FORCE OF
GOOD! WHY
DO YOU
CHOOSE
EVIL?

I HAVE WASTED
ENOUGH YEARS TEACH-
ING PSYCHOLOGY IN OB-
SCURE LITTLE COLLEGES!
WHEN I BEGAN SECRETLY
STUDYING OCCULT SCIENCES,
I WAS SEEKING THIS POWER
THAT GIVES ME COMPLETE
CONTROL OVER MY OWN LIFE
AND THE LIVES OF OTHERS!



PROFESSOR MARKS DIED INSTANTLY, HIS NECK BROKEN IN THE FALL. DEAN SUFFERED A BRAIN CONCUSSION AND LAY IN A COMA IN THE HOSPITAL. RAMON BLAGDON EXULTED IN HIS NEW POWER AND PLANNED NEW EXPERIMENTS...

I WAS SORRY TO HEAR OF YOUR FATHER'S ACCIDENT, LOIS! WHEN YOU'RE ALONE, I HOPE YOU WILL TURN TO ME FOR COMFORT AND ADVICE!



I'VE BEEN INFATUATED WITH LOIS EVER SINCE I CAME HERE TO TEACH! I WILL MAKE HER TURN TO ME!



RAMON BLAGDON RETURNED TO HIS ROOM...

THERE ARE POWERFUL, EVIL FORCES IN THE UNKNOWN! MY READING HAS SHOWN ME HOW MEN IN THE PAST MADE THESE POWERS WORK FOR THEM, WHEN THEY HAD ONCE LEARNED THE SECRETS I HAVE LEARNED!



NOW THAT MY BODY HAS BECOME THE INSTRUMENT OF MY INTELLIGENCE, I CAN PROJECT MY MIND INTO ANY PART OF THE WORLD I WISH! I CAN SUMMON FORTH THE POWERS THAT WILL ENABLE ME TO BRING ABOUT THE RESULTS I DESIRE!

YOU SHOULD HAVE READ BETWEEN THE LINES IN YOUR BOOKS, RAMON! THERE YOU WOULD HAVE LEARNED THAT THE MEN WHO CALLED UPON THE FORCES OF EVIL WERE ULTIMATELY DESTROYED BY THOSE FORCES!



I DON'T EXPECT TO BE ALONE! I'M SURE FATHER WILL RECOVER, AND, OF COURSE, I HAVE FRIENDS!

I HAVE ALWAYS HOPED YOU'D THINK OF ME AS A FRIEND, IF NOT MORE!



OH, COLBY DARLING-- HE DOESN'T TEACH PSYCHOLOGY ANY MORE-- HE TEACHES DRIVEL! I HEARD YOUR FATHER WAS GETTING READY TO FIRE HIM!

AS RAMON, IN DEEP CONCENTRATION, TRIED TO PENETRATE THAT REALM OF DARKNESS THAT LIES BEYOND THE BORDERS OF MEN'S MINDS, THE EVIL FLAME WITHIN HIS BRAIN, IN OBEDIENCE TO SOME FEARFUL, UNNATURAL LAW, SUDDENLY BROUGHT INTO BEING THAT WHICH HE SOUGHT!

YOU CALLED US--AND WE ARE HERE!

RAMON HAD NOT EXPECTED ANYTHING AS HORRIBLE AS THE THINGS THAT NOW WRITHED IN FLAMES AROUND HIM!

NOTHING!
NOTHING!
BEGONE!

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US?



I WARN YOU--
YOU ARE HEADING TOWARD A FEARFUL DOOM!

I GOT RID OF THE CREATURES AND I GOT RID OF FATE! NOW I SHALL PROVE WHAT I CAN DO!

HA! EACH TIME IT BECOMES EASIER TO PROJECT MY MIND OUTSIDE OF MY BODY! I HAVE MUCH TO ACCOMPLISH TONIGHT!

MOMENTS LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL...

SO YOU INTENDED TO FIRE ME, EH? NOW I WILL PUT YOU OUT OF THE WAY!

I FEEL FUNNY, COLBY-- LIKE I DO WHEN THAT DREADFUL PROFESSOR BLAGDON IS AROUND!



I WILL WAIT IN COLBY'S ROOM FOR HIM! I'LL KILL HIM INSTANTLY! BUT THERE IS ONE PROBLEM--MY OWN BODY! I SHALL NOT BE RETURNING TO IT AGAIN, SO WHAT SHALL I DO WITH IT?

I MUST TAKE MY REGULAR BODY SOMEWHERE AND LEAVE IT, BEFORE MY MIND PROJECTS ITSELF TO COLBY'S ROOM, KILLS HIM, AND ENTERS HIS BODY! PERHAPS THOSE EVIL SPIRITS THAT I SUMMONED BEFORE COULD HELP!

THE THOUGHT HAD NO SOONER GONE THROUGH RAMON'S BRAIN, THAN THE FORCES OF EVIL APPEARED AGAIN...

I—I DID NOT CALL YOU! THE I JUST THOUGHT ABOUT VIBRATIONS CALLING YOU! OF YOUR MIND ARE NOW SUCH, THAT YOUR FAINTEST THOUGHT OF US BRINGS US!



WHY SHOULD I BE AFRAID OF YOU? I HAVE PROVED MY POWER! WHY SHOULDN'T I USE THE SUPERNATURAL FORCES OF EVIL TO SERVE ME, WHEN I ALONE HAVE LEARNED THE SECRET OF CONTROLLING THEM?

STAND BACK FROM ME UNTIL I TELL YOU WHAT I WANT DONE! YOUR HEAT--

THE FLAMES!

DO NOT CRINGE FROM US, RAMON BLAGDON. YOU WILL SOON BE ONE OF US, BECAUSE YOU WISHED TO FOLLOW IN OUR PATH!



YOU LIE! I DID NOT CHOOSE YOUR COMPANY! I ONLY WISHED TO ADD TO MY POWER THROUGH YOU! I WILL NOT NEED YOU! SO GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

CREATURES OF THE WORLD OF EVIL, THIS MAN WISHES TO DISPOSE OF HIS BODY! HE HAD IN MIND THAT YOU COULD HELP HIM!



FOOLISH MORTAL! YOU HAVE PRIDED YOURSELF ON THE MENTAL POWER YOU HAVE GAINED! WHY HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED YOU CANNOT BORROW ANOTHER MAN'S BODY AND DISPOSE OF HIS SOUL!

THE FLAMES! LET ME GO!

YOU WERE STUPID INDEED, RAMON BLAGDON, TO NOT REALIZE THAT THE BRAIN THAT CONTROLLED EVERYTHING WAS IN YOUR OWN BODY, AND IF YOU HAD SUCCEEDED IN DESTROYING YOUR OWN BODY, WHAT POWER YOU POSSESSED WOULD HAVE GONE WITH IT!

I - I AM CONCENTRATING! I AM TRYING TO SEND THESE EVIL BEINGS BACK INTO THE UNKNOWN WORLD, BUT THEY WILL NOT OBEY! MY POWER IS GONE!



THE END

A Hand of FATE Mystery

#13

IN THE YEAR 1903, IN THE BRITISH ARMY STATIONED IN INDIA, TWO BROTHERS CAME UPON THE STATUE OF "SIVA" IN A TEMPLE SHRIKE. OVERCOME WITH ITS STRANGE BEAUTY, THE TWO MEN TOOK THE IDOL AND SHIPPED IT BACK TO THEIR HOME IN ENGLAND. THE LOSS OF THE TEMPLE WORSHIPPERS' GOD CAUSED GREAT ANGUISH AND HATRED AMONG THE NATIVES, AND THE TWO BROTHERS WERE FORCED TO FLEE BACK TO ENGLAND...

BUT THE SHADOW OF INDIA FOLLOWED THEM BACK. ONE NIGHT IN LONDON THEY RECEIVED AN UNEXPECTED VISIT...

I AM RASHA, HIGH PRIEST OF THE TEMPLE FROM WHICH YOU HAVE STOLEN OUR IDOL! I HAVE COME TO TAKE IT BACK!

SORRY, OLD MAN! WE'VE GROWN FOND OF YOUR SIVA, AND WE DON'T INTEND GIVING HER UP!

YOU DON'T REALIZE THE DANGER YOU ARE IN! SIVA IS THE FOUR-ARMED GODDESS OF CREATION AND DESTRUCTION! HER VENGEANCE UPON YOU WILL BE TERRIBLE!



WHEN THE STRANGE VISITOR LEFT, THE TWO MEN RETIRED FOR THE NIGHT. BUT AN HOUR LATER...

GREAT SCOTT! THAT SOUNDS LIKE FRED! IT'S COMING FROM THE LIBRARY!

WHEN FRED REACHED THE LIBRARY, HE FOUND HIS BROTHER LOCKED IN A DEATHLY EMBRACE IN THE ARMS OF SIVA!

FRED! THAT DEVILISH STATUE HAS KILLED HIM! B-BUT HOW COULD IT HAVE COME ALIVE?



THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER WAS ENOUGH WARNING FOR FRED. HE QUICKLY CRATED THE IDOL AND TOOK IT PERSONALLY BACK TO THE TEMPLE IN INDIA...

THE VENGEANCE OF SIVA IS DREADFUL, I KNOW, BUT YOU WERE WARNED! YOUR LIFE WILL BE SPARED, NOW THAT SIVA IS BACK WITH US!



MARTIN LEFT INDIA AND RETURNED HOME, STILL IN A DAZE OVER THE AWESOME SERIES OF EVENTS THAT TOOK HIS BROTHER'S LIFE! HE TOLD THE STORY TO MANY PEOPLE TO FIND SOME SORT OF EXPLANATION OF THE IDOL COMING TO LIFE, BUT NONE COULD GIVE A PLAU-SIBLE ANSWER. SO THE EVENT WAS WRITTEN OFF AS ANOTHER STRANGE TALE IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

THE END

VISITOR FROM THE GRAVE

The midget's coffin was outlined against the darkening sky, and the four candles lit at the head and foot of the casket cast flickering shadows over the late summer foliage. A little distance away, the troupers of the Ferenczi circus clustered in small groups, discussing in hushed tones this tragedy that had befallen them.

They turned to watch furtively as Gudo strode up. They knew he'd borne no love for his midget twin brother, but they dared not speak to him. They'd tasted his anger and fury before, and now as they looked at his dark-browed countenance, they feared to break in upon his grief, lest he suddenly burst into violent, uncontrollable anger.

Gudo stood a long time before the casket, unmindful of the circus people around him. He looked on his dead brother's face, and it seemed to him that a slight, malicious smile twisted the corners of the dead midget's mouth. Involuntarily, Gudo stretched out his hand and touched the corpse's face. But it was cold and dead, and he recoiled under the sensation. There was nothing to fear now, he told himself. Gogo was gone, and he could plague him no longer.

Gudo turned to go, and then he hesitated. For some reason there seemed to be something missing, something incomplete about the body stretched out there. He turned swiftly back and examined the contents of the casket. What was it, he asked himself. And then the answer came to him. Gogo's baton, the peculiar gnarled staff with the heavy head of wrought silver was missing.

It had been their father's, and he had given it to Gogo because his fondness was greater for this misshapen, strange replica of his other son. Gudo was sure he'd given the baton to the undertaker with careful instructions that it was to be placed in the casket with Gogo, but now it was not in evidence.

"Shall we close the coffin now?"

Gudo whirled at the softly spoken words. Kesti, the strong man of the circus, stood at his side.

"No," Gudo ordered. "You are to touch nothing until I return."

Through some premonition that he could not define, Gudo hurried back to the tent he'd shared with Gogo. He brushed past the gathering shadows on the foliage and entered the tent and turned on the lamp.

There, gleaming dully in the light lay the baton. Fear for the first time coursed through him as he looked at the object. It lay there carelessly, as though it had been tossed down, and though he could not be sure he'd forgotten it, Gudo knew he had not left

it there.

He walked over and picked up the staff, and as he did so, he seemed to hear again his father's warning words, "I know that you and Gogo have no fondness for each other. But remember, Gudo, treat your brother well, for what befalls one will befall the other."

Now Gogo was dead, and Gudo knew fear. Quickly though, the remembrance faded, and Gudo hurried back to the bier. He strode past the circus people, ignoring their frightened faces, and went up to the coffin. There he placed the baton in Gogo's hand, tearing apart the stiffened fingers and then letting them clutch tightly around the rod.

"Close the coffin now," he said angrily. "Don't waste more time, but nail it down well. Come, let us get this over with!"

Immediately he started to force the lid down. It seemed to him that Gogo's hand tightened around the baton, but then the lid was snapped shut and he couldn't be sure.

They nailed the lid down and lowered it into the grave. Gudo stood there until the grave was filled, and then he made his way back to his tent.

It was done now, he thought. It was over with. No more would Gogo plague him, humiliate him and minimize his greatness by being what he was—a hideous replica of Gudo. Now Gudo was alone to carry on the fame of their father—the greatest of the circus performers. Never again would he have to share honors with his stunted gargoyle brother in their tight-rope act. Gudo, and Gudo alone would carry on the glorious tradition of their family.

Yes, he thought, it had been worth it. Just one slight twist of the taut rope while he and Gogo were doing their act; a slight movement he'd prepared himself for, and Gogo had gone plunging to the ground, the silver-headed baton flung wide in his fall. His neck had been broken, and he'd looked like a broken doll as he'd lain on the dirt floor of the ring.

But now Gudo couldn't sleep, and finally he left the darkened camp and went outside. He felt himself drawn to the circus arena, and finally he stood there near where Gogo had fallen. He looked upward toward the tight rope, and he was filled with the pride of his matchless feats. No one except Gogo could ever equal him—and now Gogo was dead.

Gudo started climbing up to the platform, suddenly filled with the need to walk out on that rope even if there was no one present to watch him. He

wanted to walk out to the middle of it, and feel himself the unequalled tight-rope performer of Hungary.

He was panting slightly when he reached the platform, and he stopped a moment to rest. All around him the night was quiet and peaceful. Finally he was ready, and he placed one foot out upon the rope.

He'd gone no farther when he drew back with alarm, his body tensed as for some unexpected blow. Under his foot he'd felt the rope tremble as though someone else walked upon that wire. His sensitive feet, trained all his life, had caught the movement and the vibration—the delicate twisting of the strand as someone stepped and balanced upon it.

He peered across the darkness. As his eyes became accustomed to the night, he could see nothing—the opposite platform and the wire were empty, and still beneath his touch he heard the awful approach.

Beads of perspiration broke out across his forehead as he began to struggle down the ladder. Whatever it was, whatever damnable trick his imagination was playing upon him, he knew he could not cross to the other side that night.

In the morning the camp came slowly to life. Gudo came outside into the fresh countryside, and the air smelled good. What had happened the night before seemed strange to him in the light of day. But still unwilling to admit his fancy had played tricks upon him, he walked out to Gogo's grave. The rich brown, upturned earth was packed firmly into a mound just as he had left it the night before, and it was evident that no one had touched it. Reassured then, he strolled back to the camp site.

He knew he must play the part of a grieving man, and his countenance was sober as he ate with the others. But his thoughts turned inwardly to the excitement of that afternoon's performance. He heard in his ears again the acclaim of the audience. The show had been well advertised, and he knew that soon people would flock in from the provinces to see him.

As soon as he could, he hurried back to his tent and prepared his clothes. He dressed himself in the elegant white satin and the embroidered red jacket. Then he added a black sash—in memory of Gogo, he thought wryly.

He was ready then, and he sauntered forth. As he headed toward the arena, the maestro Ferenczi hurried over to him. He placed a gentle, restraining hand on Gudo's arm.

"Gudo," he said. "There is no need for you to perform this afternoon. The news of your brother's death has spread, and people will understand if you do not go on."

For a moment Gudo was choked with rage and disappointment at the thought of being thwarted in this moment of triumph when he could at last perform alone. But then he gained control of himself.

"It is all right," he announced. "Gudo knows that circus people cannot afford themselves the luxury of grief. That I will save for my hours alone."

Ferenczi mopped his forehead worriedly. "All right, Gudo, if you feel able to. But if you wish to wait a while to recover, we will understand."

After he left, Gudo continued to the arena. He saw approvingly the large crowd. Fools, he thought contemptuously. They will have seen nothing until they saw Gudo perform.

Slowly Gudo climbed the ladder up to the platform. Then he looked down. Far below him were the frightened, awestruck people. Far below were the simple, strutting clowns and circus animals. Up here, close to the skies was Gudo—and he alone, powerful and fearless.

He heard the blaring of the trumpets distantly from the ground. He knew it was heralding his act. Not looking down or to the right or to the left, Gudo started across the rope. The moment of triumph would come when he reached the middle and did his daring somersault.

Carefully he put one foot in front of the other. He was nearing the middle of the rope when he felt it, the slight trembling underneath his feet even when he stood still, balancing carefully. He was afraid to look up, and yet he knew he must although he knew what he would see.

He brought his eyes straight in front of him, and he saw Gogo coming toward him. His midget brother's face was lighted with that same malicious smile he had last seen, when he'd closed the coffin, and Gogo carried his head at that broken angle. In his hand he clutched the twisted baton.

"Wait for me, Gudo," Gogo called across the intervening space. "You cannot perform without me."

"Go back," Gudo shouted frantically to the dead man. "Go back or I'll be killed!"

But Gogo came slowly toward Gudo. For a moment Gudo stood frozen with horror, and then as Gogo drew close to him, Gogo stretched out the baton to touch him. It was then it happened. Gudo tried frantically to avoid the contact of the awful thing, and as he twisted away he fell.

The shocked crowds below saw only Gudo lose his balance and fall. They also heard his awful scream and the wailing, "No!" as he hit the ground and lay there motionless.

The circus performers rushed to the scene immediately. Gudo lay there a lifeless, broken thing as they approached him. His head was held peculiarly at an angle that indicated his neck had snapped. And clutched in Gudo's hand they saw the twisted baton with the silver wrought head that had so carefully been placed in Gogo's coffin!

THE END

Devilish Dolls of DEATH

WADE FARMAN WAS IN VIENNA ON A SCHOLARSHIP, TAKING A POST GRADUATE COURSE IN MEDICINE. WHEN DR. EVERE KIEPERT, A YOUNG GERMAN SCIENTIST, TOLD HIM HE COULD RENT A ROOM FROM HIS AUNT, WHO RAN A DOLL SHOP IN ONE OF THE QUAINTE OLD SECTIONS OF THE TOWN, IT SOUNDED LIKE A PERFECT SET-UP. BUT FROM THE BEGINNING, WADE FELT THAT SOME SINISTER POWER DWELT AMONG THE DOLLS, ALTHOUGH HE WAS UNAWARE THAT FATE HAD SOME STRANGE SURPRISES IN STORE...

GOOD EVENING, FRAU TEUFEL! DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE MISS NOVAL MIGHT BE? I HAVEN'T SEEN HER AROUND FOR SEVERAL DAYS!

I CANNOT KEEP TRACK OF ALL MY ROOMERS, HERR FARMAN! THEY GO AND COME AS THEY PLEASE!

THIS DOLL! WHY, IT'S A PERFECT IMAGE OF CAROLE NOVAL!

TO BE SURE! OTTO, MY HUSBAND, IS AN ARTIST! PEOPLE COME FROM ALL OVER TO HAVE DOLLS MADE IN THEIR OWN LIKENESSES! FRAULEIN NOVAL ORDERED THIS ONE SPECIALLY MADE!

YOUR DOLLS ARE CERTAINLY LIFE-LIKE, EVEN THE HORRIBLE ONES! THEY SEEM TO STARE, ALMOST THREATENINGLY! AND THIS ONE SEEMED TO FIX ITS EYES UPON ME, ALMOST AS IF IT WERE TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING!

YOU HAVE A VIVID IMAGINATION!
NOW IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME--
I HAVE MUCH WORK AMONG THE
DOLLS, AND A LIVING TO MAKE!

SORRY TO
HAVE
BOTHERED
YOU, FRAU
TEUFEL!



JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY THERE ARE MODERN
SHOPS, LIGHTS AND GAIETY. BUT TO THE LEFT
OF THE MAIN THOROUGHFARES, YOU COULD FIND
YOURSELF IN A LABYRINTH OF SMALL OLD
STREETS, AND IT IS HERE, IN A PLACE WHERE
YOU WOULD LEAST EXPECT TO FIND IT, THAT
MONSTROUS AND GHASTLY DEEDS ARE DONE!



SINCE YOU ALWAYS PREFERRED THE COMPANY OF
WADE FARMAN TO MINE, I SHALL GIVE YOU THE
PLEASURE OF BRINGING HIM INTO OUR RANKS! BY
TOMORROW NIGHT, UNCLE OTTO WILL HAVE FINISHED
THE DOLL THAT WILL BECOME WADE FARMAN! NOW,
AUNT FRONIA--UNCLE OTTO--GIVE CAROLE
ANOTHER LESSON IN OBEDIENCE!

WE SHALL
INDEED, DEAR
EVERS!
HEE HEE!



AS WADE WENT BACK TO HIS ROOM, HE WAS
TROUBLED . . .

THE IDEA OF A DOLL SHOP
BEING EVIL AND SINISTER IS
CRAZY! BUT THAT DOLL
THAT LOOKED LIKE
CAROLE NOVAL! IT WAS
UNCANNY! AND THE
DRESS THE OLD LADY
WAS MAKING FOR IT
WAS EXACTLY LIKE
THE ONE CAROLE WORE
WHEN I TOOK HER TO
DINNER THE OTHER
NIGHT!

IN AN UNDERGROUND ROOM BENEATH THE
DOLL SHOP . . .

LIKE SOME OF THE OTHERS, LIFE IS NOT
QUITE OUT OF YOUR BODY YET, CAROLE NOVAL,
SO YOU WILL SUFFER EVEN MORE UNTIL YOU
LEARN TO DO OUR WILL! IT IS UNFORTUNATE
THAT YOU STUMBLED UPON OUR SECRET
OF DOLL-MAKING!



EEEEEOOWWWWWWW!
NO! NO!
NO MORE!
I WILL DO AS
YOU BID!



WADE FARMAN WAS AWAKENED FROM A TROUBLED SLEEP.

I HEARD A WOMAN SCREAM! I'VE HEARD SOUNDS LIKE THAT BEFORE IN THE NIGHT--GROANS AND SCREAMS-- AND CAROLE SAID SHE HAD, TOO! BUT WHEN WE SPOKE TO FRAU TEUFEL AND HER HUSBAND, THEY ALWAYS SAID WE WERE DREAMING!

BUT I'D SWEAR THIS WAS CAROLE'S VOICE! IT SEEMED TO COME FROM THE DOLL SHOP!

I WAS SURE HER VOICE CAME FROM HERE! BUT SHE ISN'T HERE!

WADE! YES, I'M HERE! ON THE COUNTER! QUICK! THEY MUST BE ON THEIR WAY UP, BECAUSE THEY HAVE STOPPED TORTURING ME!

WH-WHAT FIENDISH THING IS THIS? YOUR VOICE, CAROLE --COMING FROM THE DOLL!

DO NOT WAIT FOR EXPLANATIONS! HURRY! TAKE ME AWAY! AND IN OTTO'S WORKSHOP-- YOU MUST GET THE DOLL HE IS MAKING OF YOU! WHEN HE IS FINISHED, YOU, TOO, WILL BE IN THEIR POWER!

SUDDENLY, A SHRILL VOICE ECHOED THROUGH THE DOLL SHOP!

MASTERS / MASTERS / COME QUICKLY! THE MAN TAKES THE NEW GIRL - DOLL YOU HAVE ADDED TO OUR RANKS!

IF WADE FARMAN HAS LEARNED OUR SECRET, WE MUST KILL HIM IMMEDIATELY!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND /
WHAT MONSTROUS UN-
NATURAL THING IS THIS?

THEY COME / PUT ME
IN YOUR POCKET / GET
OUT FROM THIS
TERRIBLE PLACE !



INCREDULOUS AND SHOCKED, WADE TURNED TO FLEE
BUT NOT QUICKLY ENOUGH !

EVERS KIEPERT !
SO THIS IS YOUR
WORK !

FOOL ! I KNOW
MANY THINGS SCIENCE
NEVER DREAMED OF / CLIENTS
PAY ME HUGE SUMS TO GET RID
OF UNWANTED RELATIVES OR
FRIENDS / SOME WOULD THUS
BENEFIT BY AN INHERI-
TANCE. OTHERS ARE
MOTIVATED BY VENGEANCE !



MY POWER TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU WILL SOON BE GONE, WADE--AND I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN I WAS BEYOND SAVING ! BUT YOU MUST SAVE YOURSELF ! YOU MUST GO BACK AND GET THE DOLL OF YOU, WHICH OTTO IS MAKING !

CAROLE--I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS HORRIBLE THING !

THAT DEVIL DOLL WHO BETRAYED US--AND SOME OF THE OTHER HORRIBLE DOLLS--ARE SPIRITS THAT HAVE NEVER INHABITED A BODY, AND ARE WILLING TO DWELL IN WHATEVER FORMS THE TEUFELS AND EVER GIVE THEM ! THEY ARE WORSE THAN THOSE OF US WHO ARE TAKEN FROM OUR HUMAN FORMS, AND TORTURED UNTIL WE LEARN TO DO THE EVIL REQUIRED OF US, AND HAVE NO MORE SOULS !



YOU MUST...
MUST...

YES, CAROLE--
WHAT MUST
I DO ?

BUT AS THE SUN CAME UP, CAROLE BECAME A LIFELESS OBJECT IN HIS HAND, AN INANIMATE DOLL THAT EVEN WADE FOUND IT HARD TO BELIEVE HAD EVER SPOKEN TO HIM...

IF I TELL THIS TALE TO ANYONE, THEY WOULD THINK I'M INSANE ! DOLLS WHO ATTACK PEOPLE ! AND IF I TELL THEM AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL ABOUT DR. EVERE KIEPERT, THEY WOULD BE SURE I'D LOST MY MIND !



MEANWHILE, BACK IN OTTO TEUFEL'S WORKSHOP...

HURRY, UNCLE OTTO ! BY TONIGHT WE MUST HAVE THE DOLL READY, SO WADE FARMAN CAN BECOME ANOTHER OF OUR SOULLESS SLAVES !



WHILE UNCLE OTTO FINISHES FARMAN'S DOLL, WE WILL TORTURE THE REBELLIOUS SPIRIT OUT OF YOU, CAROLE NOVAL ! BY THE TIME YOUR DOLL RETURNS TO US, YOU WILL BE AS OBEDIENT AS THE OTHERS, AND YOU'LL REGRET YOU EVER SPURNED MY LOVE !



IN DESPERATION, WADE RETURNED TO THE DOLL SHOP...

I'VE GOT TO SEE THIS THING THROUGH ! I'M GOING TO GET MY CLOTHES--TAKE A LOOK AT THIS DOLL OTTO IS MAKING OF ME--AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO !



WADE GOT UPSTAIRS TO HIS ROOM, PACKED HIS CLOTHES, AND DRESSED HIMSELF. THEN, WITH CAROLE'S DOLL STILL IN HIS POCKET, HE RETURNED TO OTTO'S WORKSHOP...



WHEN WADE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, HE FOUND HIMSELF IMPRISONED IN A BOX SO TIGHT HE COULD NOT MOVE...

YOU HAVE SEEN ME PERFORM EXPERIMENTS IN THE LABORATORY, WADE FARMAN, BUT IN YOUR STUPIDITY YOU NEVER DREAMED THAT I HAD LEARNED TO TRANSPLANT HUMAN SOULS INTO DOLLS!



NOW YOU ARE ABOUT TO TAKE PART IN MY GREAT ACHIEVEMENT! WHAT A PITY THAT YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO ENJOY IT!



ALL OF THESE BODIES AROUND YOU ARE THE VICTIMS MY CLIENTS SENT TO ME! A MAN WILL PAY PLENTY TO RID HIMSELF OF A HATED RIVAL FOR LOVE OR MONEY!

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS FOREVER, EVER?



THAT IS JUST A TASTE! FIRST, YOU SHALL SEE THE PUNISHMENT OF CAROLE! THEN I SHALL GIVE YOU THE HYPO THAT PUTS YOU IN THE TRANCE-LIKE STAGE THAT SHALL BE YOURS UNTIL YOUR DEATH! YOU FEEL-- AND YOU KNOW-- YOU SUFFER-- BUT YOU DO NOT LIVE!

WE SHALL BRING THE DOLLS TO HELP WITH THE TORTURE!



AS EVER'S PREPARED TO LASH CAROLE, WADE, INFURIATED, STRUGGLED IN HIS BOX, AND SUDDENLY DISCOVERED THAT IN HIS RUSH, OTTO HAD NOT PUT IT TOGETHER AS TIGHTLY AS HE SHOULD...

THE WHIPS OF THE DOLLS ARE FILLED WITH A POISON THAT SENDS IS BREAKING! UNBEARABLE TORTURE THROUGH THE BODY! THEY ENJOY USING THEM!



THEN, BREAKING OUT OF HIS BOX, WADE GRABBED ONE OF THE TORTURE STICKS AND SPRANG AT EVER'S...



AS THE LAST BREATH OF LIFE LEFT EVER'S, THE DOLLS SUDDENLY DROPPED WITHOUT POWER, AND FEELING THE POISONED LASH, THE TEUFELS FELL LIFELESS!



WITH THE EVIL POWER THAT HAD MADE THEM LIVE, NOW DESTROYED, THE DOLLS HAD BECOME IN-ANIMATE CREATURES AGAIN. THE BODIES FROM WHICH THEY HAD DRAWN LIFE NOW BECAME NOTHING. AND WHEN WADE FINALLY FREED CAROLE, HE REALIZED HE WAS TOO LATE!

POOR CAROLE! BUT AT LEAST YOU ARE AT PEACE! NO EVIL POWER CAN FORCE YOUR SPIRIT TO BE A SLAVE TO ITS CRUEL WHIMS! AND ALL THOSE OTHERS-- THEY TOO ARE FREED AT LAST!



THE END

Goose? or Nest?

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

For some reason, the goose egg stands for zero . . . nothing.

The nest egg, however, stands for a tidy sum of money, set aside for your own or your children's future.

It's hardly necessary to ask you which you'd prefer.

But it *is* necessary to ask *yourself* what you are doing to make sure you *don't* end up with a goose egg instead of a nest egg ten years from now.

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who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

and then he got a
"CHEVALIER" . . .



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